

I'm Glad It's You by lavenderlow

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Summary:

Four weeks. Four weeks on the road, and neither Steve or Jonathan could take it any longer.

I'm Glad It's You

Author's Note:

jhgkrkjghrew i needed to write fluff. have some boys
on a cross-country roadtrip who are very in love

Four weeks ago, Steve found Jonathan in the same motel he was staying at, thirty minutes outside of Hawkins, Indiana. Dirty and battered, he told Steve he walked all the way to the motel with thirty dollars in his pocket, using twenty of it for the room he had down the hallway.

There was a reason Steve was here. His father- the brute, the man himself- was getting too much for him to bear. He'd come home three times a month to batter and complain, talking all terrible things about his mother, the one who also came home three times a month (all on separate days, so she could avoid his father) and battered and complained about his father. He never got much attention from the two of them past the age of five- with his father, he was never there, always out for business, never letting Steve or his mother go in the car. His mother, who stayed home and fixed food only for herself, seemed to only know how to say the words "No, Steve." And "Shut up, Steve." and "Go away, Steve."

His father was a drunk, a terrible one. When he was home, on the rare occasions, he would drink till he passed out- but, of course, not before throwing his son around a bit, just for fun. Steve would never have bruises, but it was always enough to make him resent his father till the day he'd die.

Finally, one day, he felt like he had enough. He packed his bags without saying goodbye with about three hundred or so dollars to his name- throwing himself into the car in the dead of night and hauling

ass out of the only place he had known ever since he was five- when he moved to Hawkins from Chicago.

Maybe he'd go back to Chicago. He'd see all of his old friends again, see if they still knew him, if they still *remembered* him, if they still knew the boy who cared about his appearance way too much for a four year old. Or, maybe, he'd turn his car west and settle in the sunny beaches of California, learning to become a pro surfer and spending his days on the waves. Or, as a final option, he'd run east and live out whatever dream he could think of in five minutes in bustling New York City. It was a lot of stress to put on a seventeen-year-old, but it wasn't anything Steve couldn't handle.

Thinking of stress, Steve felt his heart quickening even as he passed the sign that said *Hawkins City Limits*. He decided he'd pull over in whatever town was next and stop at a motel- which happened to be some cheapy one sitting in south of Earl Park, Indiana.

And so, that's where he was for four days. He was fixing on leaving, just checking if everything was alright in his car before he took off the next morning. He loaded his bags in and locked his doors, ready to get some shut eye- but the worst wrench was put in his plans when he bumped into someone on his way in. Steve scoffed and was about to pull out the "*watch where you'ze is goin'*" like they do in the movies, but he stopped himself when he saw a familiar face.

"Steve." He said, brushing the fringe out of his face and dusting off his worn denim jacket, stuffing his hands in his pockets.

Steve's eyes widened and he found it hard to speak. "Jonathan Byers." He said, his eyes automatically landing on the bruise on his cheek, and the one that was on his right arm. Jonathan looked at him

up and down, and it seemed like he understood that *Steve understood*, and he tried to walk away. Steve couldn't let him do that- not when they could be in the same boat- so his automatic instinct was to grab Jonathan and pull him inside. Jonathan yelled and Steve locked the door behind them, throwing Jonathan in the room in front of him.

"Why are you here?" Steve asked, placing his hands on his hips and looking at Jonathan, who's back was hunched and he was trembling. Steve couldn't help but think that maybe he had scared him- but that wasn't the important part here. This was when Jonathan told him his father was a maniac, and he stormed out of his house- Steve sighed and confessed his life at home wasn't the best either- and that was what propelled them to this point.

Steve let Jonathan stay with him for another night- he didn't get to leave in the morning like he wanted to, but he wanted to make sure Jonathan was good. It was mostly quiet throughout the day, and Jonathan hardly ate or spoke to him the whole time- but either way, he was welcoming the boy with open arms.

They left the next morning with three hundred and ten dollars to their names and Steve's car- rolling off with the sunrise behind them as they saw the sign that said *Earl Park City Limits*. Steve sighed and pulled out a cigarette, keeping his hands on the wheel and not looking at the boy in the passenger seat.

Now, it's been four weeks, and they've sat themselves in a quiet suburb of Georgia for the past few days. Jonathan had since become a bit more comfortable around the boy that used to taunt him, but not as bad as Billy Hargrove- the one who would beat him up every day that ended with y- Steve had gone from annoying to tolerable once they were in the car together, and now Jonathan considers him as a friend.

Steve was very glad to realize, a week or two ago, that Jonathan had finally become comfortable around him. There was a night in Tennessee where Jonathan and Steve decided that they would sit in the plains of a park outside of Nashville- they ate leftover sandwiches from the Walmart down the street and played *David Bowie* upon Jonathan's request. Steve was happy to oblige as he switched on the jukebox, throwing in one of the cassettes Jonathan offered him. They sat on the hood of the car and ate, looking up at the stars, and Steve was sure that even if it was on accident, he felt Jonathan's hand touch his own. It was only for a split second, but Steve felt it- and he couldn't get the feeling of butterflies out of his stomach for the next few days. From then on Steve shut his mouth, in fear he'd say something he didn't want to. He was happy that it was dark outside and Jonathan probably didn't see the blush encompass his cheeks.

In Georgia they were- some small town called Mechanicsville outside of Atlanta. The drive in was an *experience* for Steve, at least, considering while he was distracted with looking at Jonathan who was sound asleep and cuddled into the passenger seat, he almost ran straight into a goose. *Well*, not *almost*- he did. Jonathan was awoken by a loud thump in the car and a bump, and Steve could only gulp and lie and say it was a pothole when Jonathan asks him what the hell woke him up.

In the heart of this city they were in, Steve and Jonathan were stopped outside of a diner by their small motel. Steve was outside, sitting on the hood and smoking a cigarette, looking up into the night sky like Jonathan and him have been doing every night. Jonathan was inside the car, trying to continue sleeping after Steve so rudely woke him up to go eat, but Steve could tell that Jonathan was going to stay awake considering how many times he kept looking back into the car. Jonathan was sitting up and rubbing his eyes and yawning, but every time he laid his head down it would always come back up. Steve would smile and turn back around to take another drag of his cigarette, blowing the air into the opposite direction and watching it

dissipate into the cool April air.

“Jonathan,” Steve said, calling out into the night. “You might as well stop trying.” He laughed and held his cigarette up to his lips while he looked behind him, seeing Jonathan’s angry face looking back up to him.

“I just wanted to sleep.” He mumbled, finally sitting up straight for the first time that night and stumbling out of the car. “You just had to wake me up. We could have gotten food in the morning.” Jonathan came to sit up on the hood with Steve, but keeping them at a half-arm’s distance. He didn’t want to seem weird- and Steve was smoking- so he wanted to make sure there was room for the holy ghost.

Steve, however, wished Jonathan would sit closer. While Steve knows the boy trusts him, he hopes, he knows that he feels something different there- something other than a friendship. It was like how he felt with Nancy, when they used to date and when he used to have that same spark with her (that she didn’t have towards him.) He wonders if it’s love or just lust- he always gets the butterflies around Jonathan from everything he does and he always just feels so calm around him, or maybe it’s just the cigarette.

He stubs it out, finally, and Jonathan sighs. He pushes himself up off of the hood, and he looks back at Steve, who is still sitting down. Steve tilts his head up and looks at the sky- laying down on the car knowing that he’s getting on his nerves. He’s cute when he’s angry.

“Steve,” He says, looking over towards him and placing his hand on the hood. “Can we go in and eat?” He asks, supporting his weight with his hand that was desperately near Steve’s thigh.

“Ugh,” Steve groans with a smile, wanting to see how far he could push the boy who nagged him. “Maybe I don’t want to eat anymore.” Steve picks his head up to meet his eyes with Jonathan’s, who looks angry. Just what Steve wanted. He laughs and puts his head back down, bracing himself with his arms behind him.

Jonathan sighs and picks his hand up from the hood, stuffing his hands in his pockets. Steve sighed and longed for the feeling of Jonathan’s hand near his leg again- but that was kind of a weird thought, wasn’t it? “Steve, come on.” Jonathan mumbled, kicking dirt near his feet. “You woke me up for this.”

“Well, go back to sleep, then.” Steve laughed, picking himself up and sitting straight on the hood. He met Jonathan’s eyes- the ones that looked pouty like a child’s. “What,” Steve said, putting his hands on his lap, “You want me to rock you to sleep like a baby?” He joked, trying his best to hold back his laughter as he looked to Jonathan, who looked like he was trying to stay angry. He extended his hands out to Jonathan in an offer to hold him, where it could be taken as a joke or seriously. Steve wanted him to take it seriously, but that was another weird thought. He chuckled again and was about to pull his hands away, but he stopped himself when Jonathan let himself fall into his arms.

Not expected.

“Fine,” He grumbled, laying his back onto Steve’s chest. “Guess I’ll just fall asleep here.” Jonathan pretended to close his eyes and fake snore, only getting a nervous rise out of Steve. He didn’t expect for this to happen, oh god, he can feel his pulse quickening and he can feel the red start to creep up his cheeks- his stomach is turning ike

the butterflies are having a blast. He laughs quietly and Jonathan propels himself off of him, standing on the sidewalk. The stars overhead light up the outside just enough for Steve to see him, and god- does he want to kiss him.

“Jon,” He says, stepping off of the hood. He bites his lip and contemplates what he’s about to say, picking his hand up to run it through his long and probably deflated hair. He laughs nervously and looks down at his feet, the battered shoes that he hasn’t had the money to replace burning holes in his eyes. “I gotta tell you something.”

“What? That you’re done messing with me and we can go in and eat?” Jonathan said, putting his hands in his pockets once more.

Steve couldn’t think of the right words to say. *I love you*, he could say- but that’s too simple. He likes him way too much than to just confess his feelings with a dumb *I love you*, Jonathan deserves more than that. *We’ve been together in this car for the past month and I have feelings for you*, he also could say, but that’s kind of weird. *Jonathan Byers, god damnit, I love you so much and I’m so glad we’re together but I want to know if you would be my boyfriend?* What was he thinking? That was too much, the others were too little, and what if he said no? What if he made a fool of himself, what if he didn’t feel the same way? What was he supposed to do then, when he would have to drive around the country with the love of his life that rejected him- he’d be torn. But, he knew that if he was ever going to be happy on the road, he needed to spill. He couldn’t sit in the car anymore looking longingly over to him, sleeping in the same bed together but staying an arm’s length away- he couldn’t bare it. So, he did the only thing he could think to do.

“Jonathan,” Steve said, looking up to him and standing up off of the

car. In an instant, Steve walked forward and connected his lips with Jonathan's, and they were as heavenly as he had imagined. He could feel his cheeks light up and his knees go weak under him when Jonathan returned the kiss, moving in sync with Steve. He buried his hands in the smaller boy's hair, trying to take deep breaths through his nose because he didn't want to move away from where he's finally felt his love be reciprocated- but Jonathan was he one to pull away first.

"I'm sorry," Steve said, taking it as a sign that it wasn't wanted. He pried himself away from Jonathan's grasp and moved back to the car- "Let's just go eat."

"Woah, *hold on*," Jonathan said, wiping the blush off his face. "That was okay. I've been waiting for you to do that."

"You have?" Steve asked, raising an eyebrow and walking closer to Jonathan again, now that he knew it was safe. "You aren't very good at showing you emotions."

"I know." Jonathan chuckled, taking Steve's hand. "Just doing this is a lot for me." He looked down at where he held Steve's hand in his grasp, and Steve felt that it was loose. He knew he was trying. Steve wanted to cry- if trying was what he got, trying was what he will take.

"Let's go inside, let's eat." Steve whispered, the smile on his face sticking like sweet honey. That's what Jonathan tasted like, sweet honey and chamomile and the slightest tinge of nicotine from when he would inhale it around Steve. It was such a mixture that brought a smile to Steve's face that he couldn't wipe off- he probably looked like an idiot. "Do I look like an idiot?" He asked, holding onto Jonathan's

hand tight.

Jonathan smild and lookied down at the ground. “Steve Harrington, you’re my idiot.” He said, trying to hide the blush on his cheeks.

The rest of the night, they sat in the diner and held their hands under the table, laughing and talking like they did every night in the car. It wasn’t any different other than something else was there- the feeling of the butterflies, but like if they were in the air instead of Steve’s stomach. He was giddy and happy like he had never been- he’s never this happy when he beats someone at keg stand, or when he finally asked Nancy out, or when they kissed for the first time- all of this is so different, but it’s the best kind of different Steve could have asked for.

Author's Note:

dont worry...thanks sorry sure is not being forgotten
follow my tumblr for a bunch of stonathan and more
stranger things nonsense
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